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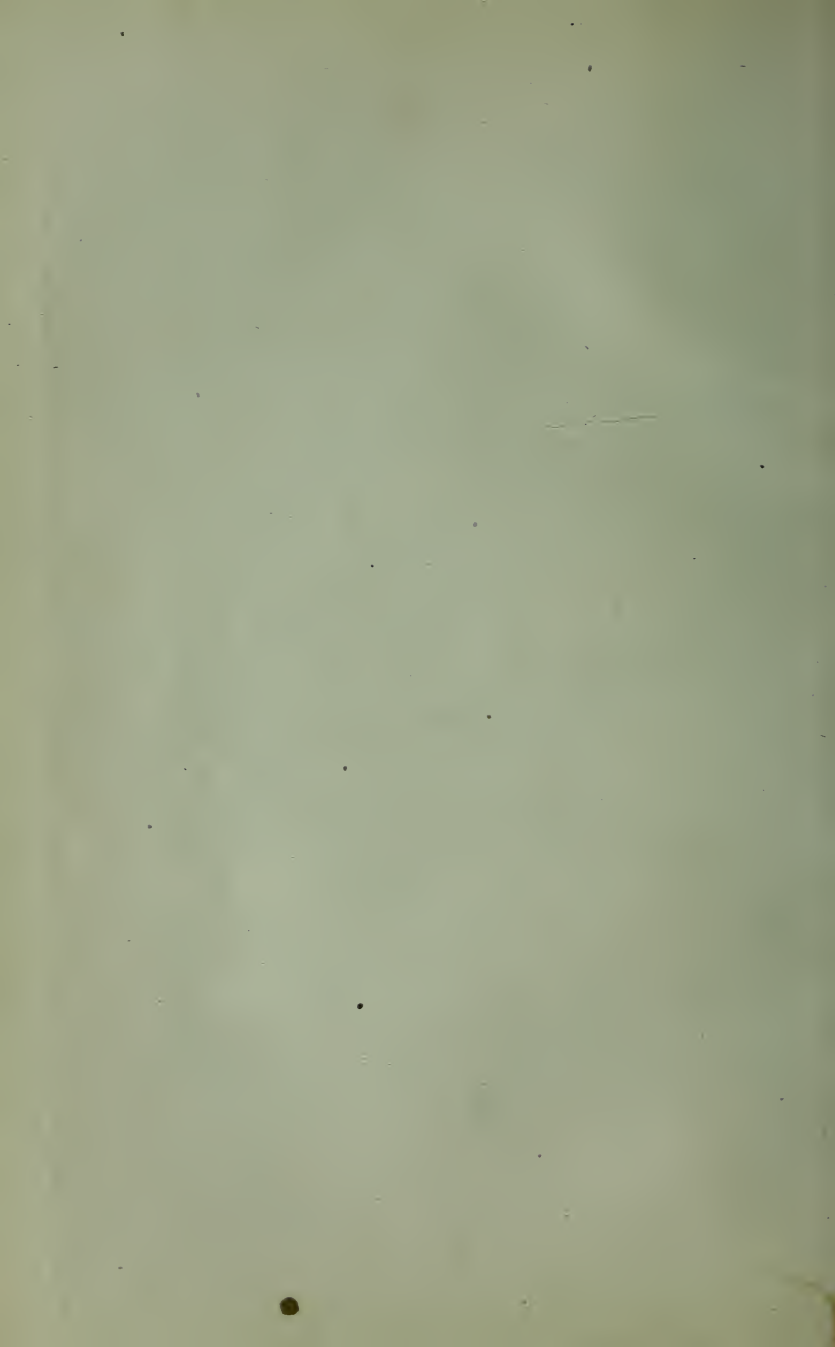


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NEWSPAPER

BALLADS.

BY

THOMAS HALL SHASTID.

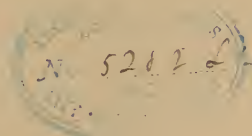


NEWSPAPER BALLADS,

BY

THOMAS HALL SHASTID.

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PITTSFIELD, ILL.:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1880.

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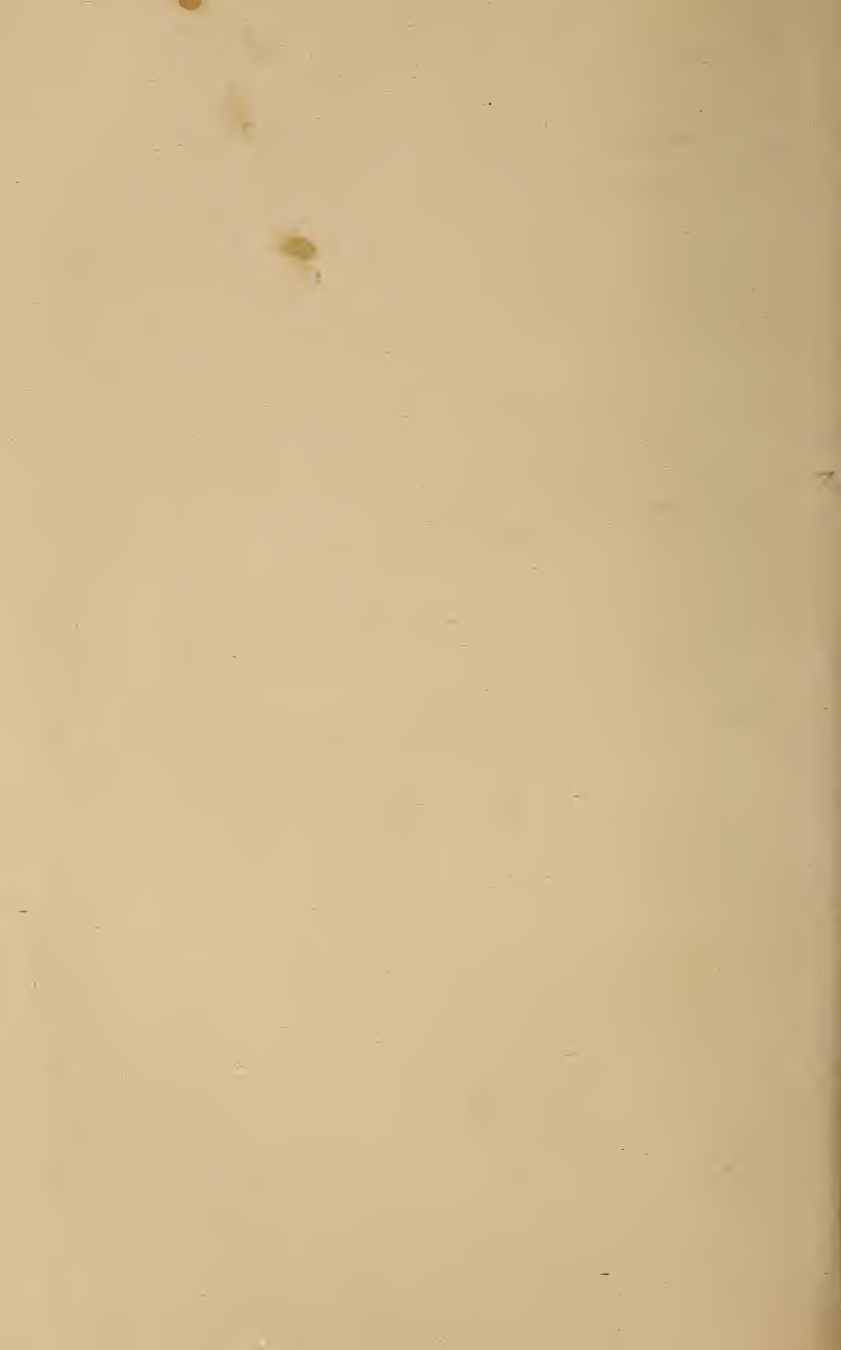
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P R E F A C E .

I HAVE given this little volume the name of "Newspaper Ballads" because from time to time they were published in the newspapers. I have also been bold enough to add, in a few instances, a poem or two which have not as yet received publication. I hope sincerely that my poems in book form will be received as well as they were in the newspapers. I hope my works will not be criticised, as they are productions from the pen of a young author—only thirteen years old.

Respectfully,

T. H. SHASTID.



PART I.

PATHETIC.

This Part is respectfully dedicated to my cousin,

J. S. COWDON.

THE AUTHOR.



NEWSPAPER BALLADS.

PART I.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE Seagull screamed and flopped his wings
And hid him to his home;
The breakers dashed upon the shore—
Their crests were filled with foam.

The briny mounts were thrown on high,
Where reeled a ship; the gale
Had shorn her of her masts, and tore
In shreds each flying sail.

Alas! A wail comes o'er the deep—
The ship is sinking fast—
The mighty mountains of the sea
Are aided by the blast.

'Tis morn again, the rosy morn,
The storm at sea is o'er;
The elements are calm and still,
The wreck is on the shore.

Then take good care in future life,
While near the billow's roll;
Take care lest your own self be lost
By shipwreck of your soul.

Then never let the breakers roll,
To whelm the bark within,
As in the world you sail around
The blackened sea of sin.

GONE TO REST.

LITTLE Ada now has gone
To that land above,
Where no trouble ever comes ;
All is brightness, all is love.

Now an angel far away,
In that land of light ;
Cheer up, oh, afflicted ones,
She is gone where all is bright.

Father, cheer the grieving parents ;
Help them now to bear the woe ;
Pity us, Thy simple children,
In this land so far below.

Angels carried her to heaven,
Clothed her in their robes of light ;
She has gone, but not forever,
From the loving parents' sight.

Little Ada now has gone
To that land above,
Where no trouble ever comes,
All is brightness, all is love.

A DREAM.

ON the summit of a mountain
I stood in the twilight gray,
There were many standing with me
In the closing light of day.

Two paths led out from the summit—
One to lands clear and bright,
And the other to a dark land,
Where reigned eternal night.

Many chose the road to darkness—
Pathway leading down to hell;
Few there were that took the other—
They that chose it, chose it well.

'Twas a dream I dreamed in slumber,
But 'tis real in every day;
Many take the downward pathway,
Few that go the brighter way.

THE PALACE OF CHRISTIE.

AN angel inhabited earth
In the days when my years had been short;
In the time when the years past were few.
'Twas May when the angel had birth;
When she entered this world full of sorrow,
When she entered this world full of trouble,

When she entered this world full of care,
Which the wicked and godly must bear.

We named the angel Sweet Christie,
But the years seemed passing quickly,
Still the years passing swiftly,
Three summers enjoyed our Christie;
Three summers enjoyed our darling,
That the fairest of fairies might envy.
Our flower soon withered and faded—
The brow of our angel was shaded.

Her form, it was pretty and slender;
Her eyes had the sunlight of Eden—
The beautiful sunlight of Eden,
They had a sweet look so tender.
Her eyelids were closed, and were icy,
Her eyes they were closed by an angel;
The angel of Death took away
Her spirit much brighter than day.

The rose of her cheek, it was faded,
'Tis as pale as the white that shrouds her;
As the very white shroud thrown around her.
Her eyebrows *still* darker are shaded;
Her flight is directed toward heaven,
To the beautiful palace in heaven;
But this body 'mid others must stay
Till it moulders and goes back to clay.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BE peace on earth, good will to men;
And let this now our carol be:
If on the land, or on the sea,
We still will sing the glad refrain;
And in the closing light of day
Good words of peace and cheer will say.

The Babe that in the manger born
Has risen high above the star,
To judge in peace, or judge in war,
To judge at night, or judge at morn.
The star that told us of his birth
Has given us joy and lasting mirth.

The Man that suffered on the tree
Is risen high above all men;
Then swell the glad refrain again—
He died for me, He died for thee:
Then peace be ever on the earth
To one and all of human birth.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

I.

OVER hill and over valley—
Over meadows rich and green,
Playing with the summer grasses—
Fairer sights were never seen.

Not a mortal ever saw me,
Though I see *them* ev'ry day ;
Passing like a viewless spirit
On my happy singing way.

Often do I rise up skyward,
Chasing fast the cloudlets there,
And I drive them headlong onward
Till they all in fragments tear.

Often on the field of battle,
'Mid the storm that works them woe,
Do I cheer 'mid cannon's rattle,
Kissing both the friend and foe.

And the wounded, as he listens
To me as I whistle on,
Thinks of home and friends and parents
And of days that now have gone.

I often whistle through the woods
And toss the hunter's hair,
He sits him down upon a log,
While I caress him there.

And there he sits with watchful eyes—
His gun is in his hand—
The one that shoots with deadly aim
And echoes o'er the land.

His brow with sweat is covered o'er—
He feels my cooling sway,
And with his large and brawny hand
He rubs his head of gray.

But on I go until I find
The farmer in his field ;
I whistle o'er his garnered store
The willing land doth yield.

He hails me as his merry friend,
And thus I am to him ;
I never pass without cheer
His features calm and grim.

II.

I cheer the poet as he sings
Beside some flowing stream,
And looks upon the dim, dim past,
A vision or a dream.

He hails me, as I sail along,
In accents clear and free,
I answer in an unkown tongue
And roll on cheerily.

He knows me well, and loves me too—
He watches till I come,
And sits alone in wild ravines
Where he can sing and hum.

I visit oft where lovers sit,
I hear their vows of love ;
The bright green grass is all below—
The sky of blue above.

✻

And there they sit and talk of love—
As only lovers know ;—
They think the world a Paradise
And all things bright below.

III.

I visit oft the city's haunts,—
I raise the dust on high,
And whirl it like a water-wheel,
As ever on I fly.

I play with wigs and hats and cloaks,
And whistle by the house—
Then to a gentle zephyr turn,—
As quiet as a mouse.

Then breaking in an angry fit,
I whistle by the bell
That hangs within the steeple tall—
And sound a faint, low knell.

By ruins old I make my way—
I tear the ivy vines,
And fill with dust and sand and dirt
The ancient sculptured lines.

IV.

I ramble on the deep, dark sea,
And toss those waves of blue;
I scare the boasting mariner
And tear the sails in two.

The clouds that hang far overhead
Are dropping to the sea,
The waves as mountains now become—
I roar out in my glee.

The captain stands with face aghast—
With terror in his eyes—
The forked lightning strikes its wings
That waft it from the skies.

The thunder stops, the clouds pass by,
The waves are resting now ;
The gallant ship before my breath
With magic speed doth plow.

V.

Ye frightened goodly mariners,
That angels were before,—
The storm has quit, you curse again,
You're demons wild once more.

And when the next storm rocks the ship,
And the thunders roll and roar,
You drop upon your knees again—
Art an angel then once more.

I cross the sea, and soon I find
Europa's golden coast ;
The Spanish pride ;—the English tar
Makes well his frequent boast.

VI.

I love the clime of Africa—
The dark man's native home ;
I love that central torrid zone
Wherever I may roam.

I also love the northern pole—
Auroras glisten there—
I love the region still and cold,
The icebergs standing bare;

The water trickling down their sides,—
I waft them towards the south ;
The walrus sues him as we go,
And opes his giant mouth.

I love to sway the trees in spring
When all in green they stand,—
In winter do I move their boughs
While roaming o'er the land.

Sometimes I tumble round about
Between the earth and sky ;
And it is true where'er I go
A jolly one am I.

I love to whirl the storm around
And roar out ev'rywhere,
And superstitious people too
I often sadly scare.

I've seen fair Eden's leafy trees—
I've seen the first of man,

And I shall see the last of him—
I saw how he began.

I saw the Star of Bethlehem—
I heard the angels sing ;
I saw the manger and the Christ—
The great and goodly King.

VII.

I saw the Cæsar in his Rome—
Who raised her tow'rs on high ;
She raised those tow'rs aloof from earth,
She rose, and but to die.

Then passing in the flight of years
I saw Napoleon's day ;
I saw the time when he did rise,
And when he fell away.

I saw the hero Washington,
Who for his country fought.
"I'll free my country from her bonds,"
That was his only thought.

I've seen more things than history—
If I'd bring them to light,
'Twould make the stoutest heart give way
And start aback with fright.

I've witnessed murders never seen
By any human eye ;
I've seen the very best of men
By violence to die.

I've touched the knife that did the deed ;
 I've kissed the brow in vain ;
 No sign of life upon the face,
 So dark and black with pain.

VIII.

I know of secrets never known
 To any one but me.
 I've seen where death had come at last
 To set the captive free.

Then listen, as I roll along
 For aye and evermore,—
 I sing my only song to you,
 As I pass by your door.

IX.

Often have I sung this story,
 When at midnight's solemn reign ;
 Like a ghost or howling demon
 Will I sing it oft again.

I have lived through all the ages,
 And will live for many more,
 Blowing by the stormy ocean,
 On the sea and on the shore.

On the shore or on the ocean—
 Still a jolly friend am I,

Ne'er deserting, always constant,
As my zephyrs gently fly.

You will find me in the future
Just as I have always been—
Free from all unjust transgressions—
Free from any kind of sin.

Often do I waft the odors
From the fields of clover sweet ;
Then with breath of sweetest perfume,
Do I all the woodlands greet.

X.

So good-bye ; I must be speeding—
Stirring up the Autumn leaves ;
I must visit now the farmer
As he binds his golden sheaves.

I must visit now the smithy
And his anvil ringing clear,—
Even now, his clanking irons
Do I faintly seem to hear.

Now, adieu ; I must be speeding
Where the wild wings swiftly fly,
And the clouds go by me floating,
So I bid you all good-bye.

WHO WILL VISIT IN THE NIGHT-TIME?

WHO will visit in the night-time—
Who will watch me when I'm gone,
And the wild wind whistles o'er me—
And I'll be there all alone.

None will cherish thoughts of sadness
When the earth is on my breast;
But the world may go on rolling
If 'twill only let me rest.

But if some kind hand, and gentle,
Were to place me in my bed,
And to fix the blooming flowers
Just above my lonely head—

It would cheer me as I lay there
With the green grass high above;
I would think that some one loved me,
And I in return would love.

None will cherish thoughts of sadness,
When the earth is on my breast;
But the world may go on rolling
If 'twill only let me rest.

FAITHLESS CHRISTABELLE.

“Come sit you down, old Graybeard sad,
And tell us of your woe!
What makes thy face so dark and sad
And wrinkles bow thee low?”

His voice was weak, and near they sat
To hear the tale he told.
Oh! was it some adventure that
Was done by some knight bold.

But oh! it was the same sad tale
That many have to tell.
His was a sweetheart faithless, blind,—
Her name was Christabelle.

“I once was happy as the birds
That flit from tree to tree,
But time has wrought a fearful change—
A change that ne'er will flee.

“Yes, once I loved,—this head of mine
Was as the raven's plume,
But it has whitened been for years—
Mine was a dreadful doom.

“I loved an angel brighter than
The skies that hang above,
And everything that e'er I saw
It seemed was filled with love.

“ And when she promised me to be
My mate in joy and strife,
It seemed as though 'twas well to live
An earthly, mortal life.

“ But when I came to lead her to
The altar for her vow,—
It makes me shudder at the thought,
And sweat be on my brow.

“ For, O! the look she gave to me,
And turning, cold as stone,
She left for me in after life
To bear my woe alone.

“ She snow, it lies upon a grave
This bitter winter's day ;
It is the grave where she was laid—
And where she long shall stay.

“ For, Ah! The look she gave to me
‘Twas like the fires of hell,
It burnt my heart as wood away
Oh, faithless Christabelle !”

He wiped a dropping tear away—
That tear a tale did tell,
And as it fell we knew 'twas shed
For faithless Christabelle !

SONNETS.

No. 1.—WINTER.

The snow is lying deep upon the ground,
And naught disturbs the quiet bitter air
Except the distant jingling sleigh bell's sound,
That seems to banish from my heart all care.
The trees are barren of their waving leaves,
The limbs are swaying sadly to and fro;
It seems as though it for its verdure grieves,
As down it shakes the flakes of shining snow.
Oh, thou to me forever art a friend—
I would that you were for the whole year round,
And He on high those blessings by you send
That always in your bount'ous lap are found;
And you and I would be as angels here,
And sorrow never know nor ever shed a tear!

No. 2.—MOONLIGHT.

Dancing rays of shining silver are they,
Piercing coldly through the deepest, darkest
 night;
It does not blind with brightness of the day
But sheds its rays of cold moonlight.
Uncertain objects in this light I see,—
With all the sharpness of the sight of man
One cannot tell what they might surely be,
And only demigods or real gods can.
I love to sit and watch them as they glide,
And throw the shadow of some spreading tree,

And in that shadow soon my form shall hide,
As fast I toward the love'd spots do flee.
Shine on pale moonlight from thy lamp above,
And my heart o'erbrimming with youth's love!

NO. 3.—SUNSHINE.

Thou dancing sunbeams through the happy day
Dost cheer me on my onward path through life,
You show to me more clear my stumbling way
And lighter make my almost ceaseless strife.
Thou art to me a greater friend indeed,
Than others I have loved up to this hour;—
They are oft but a wildly growing weed—
But thou art like a shining summer flow'r.
The world could not exist if not for the thee,
The Ice King would possession then obtain;
The light and beauty from all things would flee,
And nought but lasting, dark'ning chaos reign.
But now we have the cheerful, glittering light
That keeps the universe alive and bright.

A TALE.

THE traveler, he walked along—
The night was cold and drear;
The moon came from behind a cloud—
Its beams were bright and clear.

The moon shone bright, but did not pierce
The dark and deep ravine ;
The banks were steep on either side—
A brooklet ran between.

And by the brook a villain stood,—
His club was in his hand ;
He was a noted murderer,
And dreaded o'er the land.

The traveler descends the banks,
And all is still around,
Until a thud the silence broke,
And not another sound.

He plunges in the crystal flood,
The murdered body, dead,
And in the running limpid tide
He washed his hands 'tis said.

But, witness to the awful deed,
The brook cleansed not the stain,
And then his heart of solid stone
Gave forth a groan of pain.

He dared to show those hands to none—
The proof of guilt was there ;
The curse it chilled his very blood,
And froze it with despair.

And all alone for days and nights,
 Until at last he died ;
 And laid with heart of guilt and woe
 Aby the other's side.

And thus, when after years had flown—
 The brook was now no more—
 Their dust it sadly mingled there
 To tell the tale of yore.

LOST IN THE SWAMP.

THROUGH a swamp all wet and marshy
 Plunged a trav'ler in the night ;
 Nothing noised, save hissing serpents
 Where the fire-fly struck his light.

And the evil spirits 'round him
 Led him from the muddy path—
 Led him where the coiling serpents
 Showed their oft repeated wrath.

Round and round, till, all bewildered,
 Where the poison-vine it grew,
 And he saw the death-fires burning
 Green and white and red and blue.

There the wild mosquito, singing,
Put his poison in his veins,
And the evil spirits chained him
With their many-linked chains.

Till at last, expiring sadly—
In the darkness of the night ;
Nothing noised, save hissing serpents,
Where the fire-fly struck his light.

TO A LOVED ONE.

SHE was humming by the cottage—
There beside the cottage door ;
And the song, it took like magic
Though I'd heard it oft before.

And her voice it faintly quivered,
Though 'twas sweet as sweet could be,
And I would those sounds would once more
Come from that sweet voice to me.

And I would that those pale features
Were in my near view once more ;—
The past shall ne'er return again—
And 't will never happen o'er.

Her hair it was like the sunset,
And heaven was in her eyes ;
But still she sings beyond those gates—
The gates of Paradise.

PAST AND PRESENT.

LET us now improve the present,
Waiting not for something more ;
For the past is gone forever
And its troubles all are o'er.

Let us hope not in the future
Golden days will be at hand ;
Try, keep trying, for that country,
In a fairer, better land.

Up, be doing in the present,
Waiting not for something more ;
For the past is gone forever
And its troubles all are o'er.

Those who wait are ne'er receiving—
Those who act are always blest ;
Up, be doing, still be acting,
This is not a time to rest.

Let us now improve the present,
Waiting not for something more ;
For the past is gone forever
And its troubles all are o'er.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

It was in Afric's torrid clime,
Two sisters stood alone,
And what they witnessed was a sight
To melt a heart of stone.

The English came and carried off
One sister, far away ;
And now in London's haunts she stands
And sorrows all the day.

They took her from her native spot,
Where she wont to stand,
And put her in a foreign clime,
Within a foreign land.

O! how she feels, with stranger eyes
Than on bright Egypt's shore ;—
She stands where she had never been—
To stand for evermore.

The others came with iron bonds,
Her sister, too, they brought,
To grace America's bright parks
Where pity ne'er was thought.

Ah! yes, in New York city's haunts
That sister is to be ;
Between the two the waters lie—
A dark and stormy sea.

Ah! now, when I to Egypt's plains
 Do wend my careful way,
 I'll seek the spot where once they stood,
 And there respect I'll pay.

But, Oh, the beauties will be gone—
 The sisters are not there,
 Insulted by a grosser race,
 They stand where naught is fair.

HASTINGS.

OH, bright the day when England's crown
 Came forth to crown the king;
 And in the minds of those around
 It seemed no trifling thing.

“Give back the crown!” was William's word,
 “Or my good sword shall pay,
 With heavy thrust and bleeding cut,
 For this you've done to-day.”

For Edward's will that crown had sent
 To grace stern William's head,
 But Harold too had claimed the right,
 And for that right he bled.

Aye! bled, and died, and lost the crown
 He'd struggled so to save,
 And ah! that struggle led him to
 His solitary grave.

Yes! Godwin's son was born to fight—
To chase and not to fly,
And he was born for Hastings' fate,
And that fate was to die.

Ah! weep ye noble Saxon men—
The last king of your line
Shall sleep the cold, stiff sleep of death,
That solemn sleep—divine.

To-day we merry are and joy
Doth reign supreme around,
And music seems in ev'ry noise
And ev'ry passing sound.

To-morrow comes—that joy is gone—
There lies the human clay,
The spirit to its rest has gone
Where brighter shines the day.

We know not when that bidding comes
That bears us from the earth;
How few the years that stand between
Our death-call and our birth.

Thus was't with Harold—in the night,
Carousing in the tent,
His joy was great, but 'morrow's light,
His knee in suppliance bent.

The wine went round, and small thought they
Upon the next day's fight,
That Harold soon in death should lay
Within the waning light.

In William's camp no cup went round,
But heads were bent in prayer,
And plans were laid; then silence kept
Its peaceful reigning there.

Oh! solemn was the prayer they said—
And solemn was the scene;
The archers with their bows stood by
With grave and silent mien.

The morning came,—the proud array
Stood silent as the dead;
The battle-axes in their hands
Did rise far overhead.

And in the midst, his armor bright,
Stood Harold with his sword,
And far and near around stood those
Who waited at his word.

The banner rose above them all—
Its warrior stood on high,
And precious stones did mark him there
That scarcely wealth could buy.

Duke William led his heroes forth
And gave them to the fray,
Ah, many of those heroes there
Ne'er saw another day.

The battle raged, and sunset came,
And flashed on armor bright,
And all around were mangled men—
It was an awful sight.

King Harold fell, the arrow pierced
And bore him to the ground ;
Ah ! then was heard a trampling noise—
A wildly flying sound.

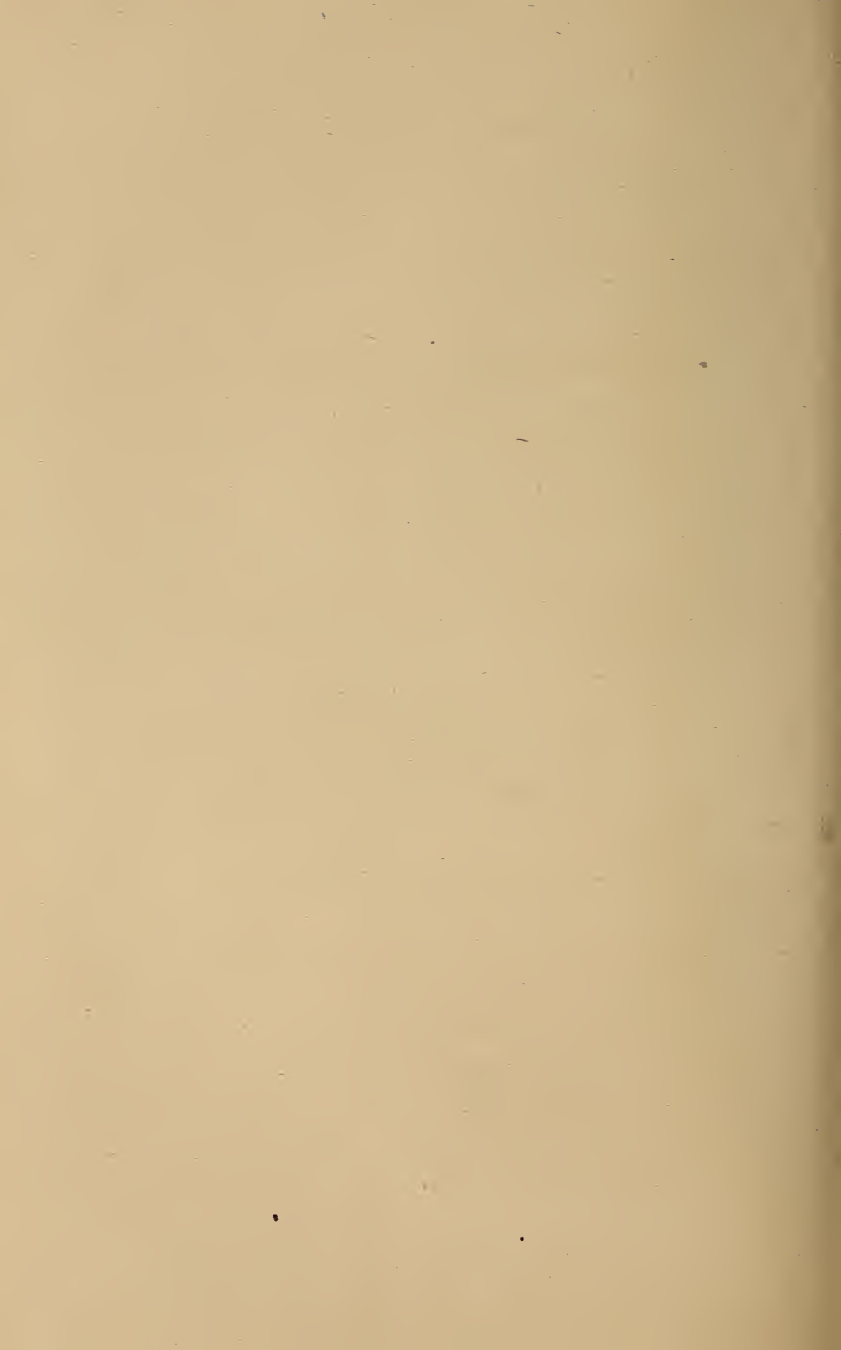
The warrior and the banner fell,
And dyed were they in blood
No more the Saxon's song their shout :
“ God's rood ; aye, holy rood.”

PART II.

HUMOROUS.

This part is most respectfully dedicated to

MISS MAGGIE SHASTID.



NEWSPAPER BALLADS.

PART II.

THE MAPLE TREE.

By the schoolhouse stands the maple—
Once a young and thriving tree ;
Now 'tis staunch and high and rugged,
And its limbs are swaying free.

On those limbs the broad initials,
Growing as the tree did grow,
Kissed by ev'ry floating zephyr
That around the tree did blow.

Some of those whose names are seen here
Married are (a prior death),
And have children round them howling,
(Demon-like) in ev'ry breath.

Some have died—by mumps or measles,
Some by Cupid shot have been ;
If I were to write a bible
I would make such shooting sin.

Some have crossed the stormy ocean—
Some, whose names are on the tree,
And the girls' names that I cut there
Long since have gone back on me.

TO A LOVER.

BE thou not so much assuming,
 (For the day will come when you
 To some man of Cupid's wounding
 Will be stuck as fast as glue.)

Listen, if you're worth advising—
 For experience me has taught;
 Marriage licenses (death warrants)
 They are very dearly bought.

Yes, I know, with good intentions
 Does the young man promise you,
 You may have all bright possessions
 That your azure eyes may view.

Let me, as a friend advise you,—
 If you're of that kind of cast—
 Soon or late the pepper 's coming
 When the honey-moon is past.

 A WRITER'S EXPERIENCE.

I WAS sitting in my study,
 And my thoughts had flown away;
 There I mused until I found me
 In the closing light of day.

Suddenly I heard a rapping
 On my little study's door;

“Surely,” said I, “now I’ll catch it”,
And I leaped upon the floor.

Maybe ’tis my wife intruding,
With her wrathful, vengeful ire ;
And I thought a jar was coming—
For her hair was red as fire.

Then with trembling hand I opened,
And I started quickly back,
All the time I was expecting
To receive a sounding crack.

But the fates for once preserved me—
’Twas some one I did not know.
On her forehead was Time’s furrow
And her hair was white as snow.

“’Scuse me for me bold intrusion,
But ’tis business you see,
An’ hopes you’ll pay attention—
Though its for the likes o’ me.

“I’m a woman”, cried she sadly
“An’ I lives a mile from here”—
Then she wildly broke down weeping ;
“I’m a woman, an’—oh dear !”

“That is very true dear madam,”
And my words in this wise ran :
“’Tis too true that you’re a woman
Leastways ye are not a man.”

“ Yes, yer sees, I loved me Johnny,
But he’s gone away from me—
An’ no more he’ll tear his britches
Climin’ up the tallest tree.

“ He used to ketch the little bees,
And his voice would wildly ring,
When he come to me a cryin’
’Bout that little flyin’ thing.”

“ An’ I used to whale him soundly
When he wouldn’t go to mill ;
Now the leather strap is silent,
And the shingle, too, is still.

“ An’ he used to smash the dishes,—
Yes, the young ’un better knew,—
Then it was the time I threatened
That I’d cut him clean in two.

“ An’ he used to make the mud cakes,
An’ he made ’um just his best—
Then, the mud was on his fingers,
Now it’s on his little breast.

“ Yes, how often I remember,
When he tore his panterloons ;
How angelic he was lookin’
With his eyes as big as moons.

“ But when I had got through with him
Dewdrops stood upon his eyes.”

Here she heaved with groanings many,
 Plaintive and entreating sighs.

“So ye see, I’ve come to ye, sir;
 Ye must make a verse on him,
 Say he had one pair of britches,
 An’ his hat without a brim.

“Ye must do the best ye can, sir—
 Everything I’ve told to ye;
 But I don’t know as ye’ll do it,
 Leastways, for the likes o’ me.”

Then she vanished from my vision—
 From my penetrating sight;
 There I was alone, and thinking
 In the fast decreasing light.

MORAL :

Never be a poet. Never!
 For the dangers many more
 Than the sands upon the seacoast—
 On the sandy ocean’s shore.

CHARLIE'S INFANT PIG.

CHARLIE had an infant pig—
 ’Twas very small indeed, sir;
 And when I saw his infant last,
 ’Twas growing like a weed, sir.

Charlie fed it very well,—
He watched it like a father ;
But, in my view, I thought it was
A bushel full of bother.

He carried water every day,
Until its back did rise, sir,
And pretty soon that piggie was
Of very monstrous size, sir.

It was a sight, so fine, to see
His infant pig there lying,
And it would take three feet of rope
To round its head be tying.

It was the famous Poland stock—
But may be that was blow, sir ;
For Charlie likes to brag about
His infant thing, you know, sir.

I went to see his infant pig,
It weighed a ton or more, sir ;
I know it would, if you'd subtract
A thousand and a score, sir.

I hope to see that babe again—
As pretty as a rose, sir ;
And when it lies upon the ground
I'll keep away my toes, sir.

Oh ! Charlie had an infant pig,
'Twas very small indeed, sir ;
And, when I saw his infant last,
'Twas growing like a weed, sir.

THE STUPID BEAU.

WITHIN our town there lived a beau,
A stupid chap was he ;
Where'er his feet would take him to,
He surely there would be.

He took his girls all riding once ;
The horse, it ran before,
And when they put the whip to him
He always ran the more.

But pretty soon they struck a stump,
That tumbled them about,
And when they found they were not in,
They knew they must be out.

The horse went on and left them there
(They needs must walk to town),
And when at last they did get up,
They knew they were not down.

They called him stupid then, of course,
And rode with him no more ;
And when he found they liked him not,
He knew their love was o'er.

THE FLEA AND MYSELF.

WHEN at midnight quick uprising,
Do I stand upon the floor,
It is surely not surprising
That I'd make an awful roar.

But you know that I'm a martyr,
When the flea he bites my back,
And I'm happy as a Tartar
When his little bones I crack.

Once a strange adventure had I,—
One crawled down my britches-leg;
Then I had him—with a sad sigh
Did he soon begin to beg.

“Villain,” said I to him, “villain,
Why do you disturb my rest?”
“I will tell you, if you're willin’,”
And he plead his level best.

“That is how I make my living—
Ah! yes! living on your hide,
And you know, sometimes, upon you
Do I wish to take a ride.”

Thereupon I grew right angry,
And I fought him like a man;
In return that flea, he fought me
As a mad one only can.

Pretty soon I overcame him,
And I mashed him on the floor,
And his spirit wildly shrieking,
Flew right past me out the door.

Let this be enough of warning
To these robbers of my rest ;
When they, up with many curses—
Fighting me their very best.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

OH, how often, when I'm thinking
Of the days forever gone,
Do I see a picture, chilling
All the marrow in my bone.

I will paint to you that picture
With the brush of verse and rhyme ;
It shall unchanged be, and real
As it was in olden time.

There beside its long dark shadow
Gliding onward, far away,
Stands the schoolhouse, old yet standing
Where I spent the fleeting day.

On the teacher's desk there lies not
Pen and pencil as before,
And behind it sits no teacher,
As there often was of yore.

Laid away now is the ferule,
And my back it hurts no more
All those pains I felt in boyhood
Now forever all are o'er.

Now no more I wear the dunce-cap,
Though I am a dunce the same,
But who cares if dunce we all be—
There is nothing in a name.

Often did I tussle wildly,
But I came off second best,
And he tanned my jacket for me—
Then I would not let him rest.

And oft I wrestled with the boys,—
They found that would not do,
For when a laddie tackled me,
I made him black and blue.

And when our lively pedagogue
Did find I made so free,
He took me gently in his hand
And did likewise with me.

OYSTER-SOUP.

OH, talk not of your venison,
Or chicken fricassee;
But bring the boiling oyster-soup
To cheer the heart of me.

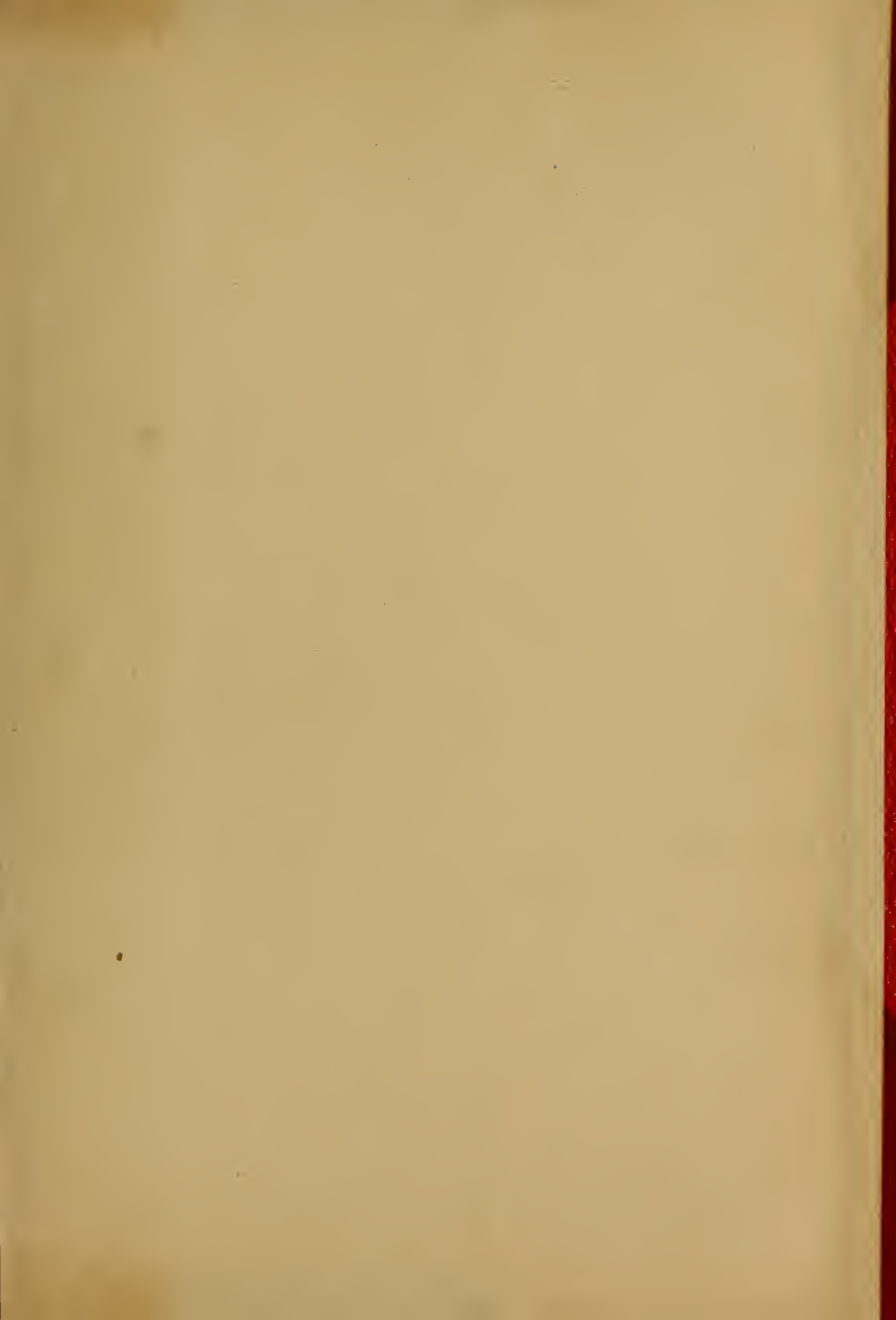
Its flavor it is very sweet—
The taste is better still;
My hunger makes me long for more—
I ne'er can get my fill.

The oyster leaves his home and friends
Upon the ocean shore,
And graces now my steaming dish,
As he has done before.

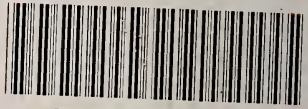
But what is oyster's needs to mine,—
For oysters I must get,
And though they're oft been in my mouth,
They ne'er have bit me yet.

Still Mrs. Oyster waits the time
When he should home return,—
And opes his mouth and kisses her
Where oft the blushes burn.

So here it goes, for what care I,
At least within my song;
If Mrs. Oyster waits for him
She's waiting pretty long.



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